

Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" CHAPTER XII.

jumpin' kind or not. Hadn't you bet-

ter git everything fixed up with the

one you've picked out afore you take

your good savin's and go to buildin' a

"I've asked her once a'ready." Ce-

"No kind of an idee," responded his

father with a quizzical wink that was

lost on the young man, as his eyes

were fixed upon his whittiing. "Does

"I ain't goin' to let folks know who

I've picked out till I git a little mite

"Say, father, it's all right to ask a girl

"Certain it is, my son. I never heerd

there was any special limit to the num-

ber o' times you could ask 'em, and

their power o' sayin' 'No' is like the

mercy of the Lord-it endureth for-

ever. You wouldn't consider a widder,

Cephas? A widder'd be a good com-

"I hain't put my good savin's into

an ell fest to marry a comp'ny keeper

for mother," responded Cephas huffily,

in' how the female sect despises bein'

which kind have you picked out?"

his boots, he responded gloomly:

would kind o' tame her down!"

disturbed a'ready, which is consid'ra-

would kind o' gall me to keep a stiddy

watch of a female's disposition day by

day, wonderin' when she was goin' to

have a tantrum. A tantrum once a

thing in a family, my son, but a tan-

part o' the day's work." There was a

Bart puffed his pipe and Cephas whit-

tled, after which the old man contin-

ned: "Then if you happen to mairy a

temper like your mother's, Cephas,

look what a pow'ful worker you gen'-

ally get! Look at the way they sweep

an' dust an' scrub an' clean! Watch

'em when they go at the dish washin'

an' how they whack the rollin' pin an'

maul the eggs an' heave the wood into

the stove an' slat the flies out o' the

house! The mild and gentle ones like-

nin't no wood in the kitchen box, no

doughnuts in the crock, no ples on the

swing shelf in the cellar un' the young

ones goin' round without a second

Cephas' mind was far away during

this philosophical dissertation on the

ways of women. He could see only a

shift to their bucks!"

Cephas inquired, looking up

p'ny keeper for your mother."

forrarder," responded Cephas craftily.

phas allowed with a burning face. "I

don't s'pose you know the one I

bigger place for her?"

she belong to the village?"

twice, ain't it?"

suit me."

Uncle Bart Discourses. NCLE BART and Cepbas were

taking their nooning hour under the Nodhead apple tree as Waitstill passed the join er's shop and went over the bridge.

*Uncle Bart might somehow guess where I am going," she thought, "but even if he did be would never tell any

"Where's Waltstill bound this afternoon, I wonder?" drawled Cephas, rising to his feet and looking after the departing team. "That reminds me I'd better run up to Baxter's and seeif anything's wanted before I open the

"If it makes any dif'rence," said his father dryly as he filled his pipe, "Patty's over to Mis' Duy's spendin' the efternoon. Don't s'pose you want to call on the pig. do you? He's the only one to home.

Cephas made no remark, but gave his trousers a hitch, picked up a chip, opened his jackknife and, sitting down on the greensward, began idly whittling the bit of wood into shape.

"I kind o' wish you'd let me make the new ell two story, father. 'Twouldn't be much work; take it in slack time after hayin'.

"Land o' liberty! What do you want to do that for, Cephas? You bout pestered the life out o' me gittin' me to build the ell in the first place when we didn't need it no more'n a toad does a pocketbook. Then nothin' would do but you must paint it. though I shan't be able to have the main house painted for another year, so the old wine an' the new bottle side by side looks like the old driver an' makes us a laughin'stock to the village, an' now you want to change the thing into a two story! Never heer1 such a crazy idee in my life."

"I want to settle down," insisted Cephas doggedly "Weil, settle-I'm willin't I told you that afore you painted the ell. Ain't two rooms, 14 by 14, enough for you

to settle down in? If they ain't, 1 guess your mother'd give you one o' the chambers in the main part." but I don't want to marry Phoebe." and made a summer kitchen for her-

self out in the ell a'ready. I bet yer she'll never move out if I should want to move in on a sudden." "I told you you was takin' that risk

when you cut a door through from the main part," said his father genially. "If you hadn't done that your mother would 'a' had to gone round entside to git int' the ell, and mebbe she'd 'n' stayed to home when it stormed, any thing, and I thought bein' married how. Now your wife'll have her treopin' in an' out, in an' out, the whole durin' time."

"I only out the door through to please. mother, so't she'd favor my gittin' somever, though your mother can't be married, but I guess't won't do no called tame, she's got her good p'ints. good. You see, father, what I was for she's always to be counted on. The thinkin' of is, a girl would mebbe great thing in life, as I take it Cephas, jump at a two story, four roomed ell is to know exactly what to expect when she wouldn't look at a smaller Your mother's gen'ally credited with

"'Pends upon whether the girl's the great injustice in so thinkin', for in a

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ever be looked at it.

"You're right, father; 'tain't no use kickin' ag'in 'em." he said as he rose to his feet preparatory to opening the Baxter store. "When I said that bout trainin' up a girl to suit me, I kind o' forgot the one I've picked out. I'm considerin' several, but the one I favor most-well, I believe she'd fire up at the first sight o' trainin', and that's the gospel truth."

"Considerin' several, be you. Cephas?" laughed Uncle Bart. "Well, all I hope is that the one you favor most-the girl you've asked once a'ready-is considerin' you!"

Cephas went to the pump and, wetting a large handkerchief, put it in the crown of his straw hat and sauntered out into the burning beat of the open road between his father's shop and Deacon Baxter's store.

"I shan't ask her the next time till this bot spell's over," he thought, "and I won't do it in that dodgasted old store ag'in, neither. I ain't so tongue tied outdoors, an' I kind o' think I'd be more in the sperit of it after sundown some night after supper!"

Waitstill found a cool and shady place in which to hitch the old mare, loosening her checkrein and putting a sprig of alder in her headstall to assist her in brushing off the flies.

One could reach the Boynton house only by going up a long grass grown lane that led from the high road. It was a lonely place and Aaron Boynton had bought it when he moved from Saco simply because he secured it at a remarkable bargain, the owner having lost his wife and gone to live in Massachusetts. Ivory would have sold it long ago had circumstances been different, for it was at too great a distance from the schoolhouse and from Lawyer Wilson's office to be at all convenient, but he dreaded to remove his mother from the environment to which she was accustomed and doubted very much whether she would be able to care for a house to which she had not been wonted before her mind became

Here in this safe, secluded corner, amid familiar and thoroughly known conditions, she moved placidly about her daily tasks, performing them with the same care and precision that she had used from the beginning of her "I want to be No. 1 with my girl and married life. All the heavy work was start right in on trainin' her up to done for her by Ivory and Rodman; the boy in particular being the fleetest "Well, if trainin' 's your object you'd footed, the most willing and the nestbetter take my advice an' keep it dark est of helpers; washing dishes, sweepbefore marriage, Cephas. It's astonish- ing and dusting, laying the table as deftly and quietly as a girl. Mrs. trained. It don't hardly seem to be in Boynton made her own simple dresses their nature to make any changes in of gray calico in summer, or dark linemselves after they once gits started." sey-woolsey in winter by the same "How are you goin' to live with 'em, pattern that she had used when she first came to Edgewood; in fact, there with interest coupled with some in- were positively no external changes anywhere to be seen, tragic and terrible as had been those that had wrought

"Let them do the trainin'," responded his father, pencefully puffing out havoc in her mind. Waitstill's heart beat faster as she the words with his pipe between his "Some of 'em's mild and gentle neared the Boynton house. She had in discipline, like Parson Boone's wife never so much as seen Ivory's mother or Mis' Timothy Grant, and others is for years. How would she be met? strict and firm like your mother and Who would begin the conversation and Mis' Abel Day. If you happen to git what direction would it take? What if the first kind, why, do as they tell you, Mrs. Boynton should refuse to talk to her at all? She walked slowly along and thank the Lord 'tain't any worse. If you git the second kind jest let 'em | the lane until she saw a slender, gray put the blinders on you and trot as clad figure stooping over a flower bed straight as you know how, without in front of the cottage. The woman "She would if I married Phoebe Day, shyin' nor kickin' over the traces, nor raised her head with a fawn like ges boltin', 'cause they've got control o' ture that had something in it of timidthe bit and 'tain't no use fightin' ag'in' ity rather than fear, picked some loose their superior strength. So fur as you bits of green from the ground, and, can judge, in the early stages o' the quietly turning her back upon the on-



"Waitstill! Does Ivory know you?" coming stranger, disappeared through

year's an awful upsettin' kind of a the open front door, There could be no retreat on her own trum every twenty-four hours is jest part now, thought Waltstill. Sae wished for a moment that she had made moment's silence, during which Uncle this first visit under Ivory's protection, but her idea had been to gain They Ache and Burn and Pain Me So Mrs. Boynton's confidence and have a quiet friendly talk, such a one as would be impossible in the presence of a third person. Approaching the steps, she called through the doorway in her clear voice: "Ivory asked me to come and see you one day, Mrs. Boynton, I am Wnitstill Baxter, the little girl on Town House bill that you used to

Mrs. Boynton came from an inner ly enough will be settin' in the kitchen | room and stood on the threshold. The rocker readin' the almanac when there name "Waitstill" had always had a charm for her ears, from the time she first heard it years ago until it fell from Ivory's lips this summer, and again it cought ner fancy.

'Waitstill'' she repeated softly. "Waitstill! Does Ivory know you?" "We've known each other for ever so long-ever since we went to the sunny head fairly rioting with curls, a brick school together when we were pair of eyes that held his like magnets, boy and girl. And when I was a child although they never gave him a glance | my stepmother brought me over here of love; a smile that lighted the world once on an errand, and Ivory showed far better than the sun, a dimple into | me a bumming bird's nest in that illac which his heart fell headlong when- bush by the door."

Mrs. Boynton smiled. "Come and own mother, if I could, I should be so look!" she wispered. "There is always | glad." a humming bird's nest in our illac.

How did you remember?" The two women approached the bush, and Mrs. Boynton carefully parted the leaves to show the dainty morsel of a home thatched with soft gray have flown now," she said. "They were like little jewels when they darted off in the sunshine."

Her voice was faint and sweet, as if it came from far away, and her eyes looked not as if they were seeing you, but seeing something through you. Her pale hair was turned back from her paler face, where the velns showed like blue rivers, and her smile was as I thought; perhaps she lived and like the flitting of a moonbeam. She was standing very close to Waitstill, burned and her eyes shone like starscloser than she had been to any woman for many years, and she studied her a little, wistfully yet courteously, as if ber attention was attracted by something fresh and winning. She looked at the color ebbing and flowing in the girl's cheeks, at her brows and lashes, its effect and set altogether new curat her neck as white as swansdown.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ivory's Mother. HAD a daughter once," she said. "My second baby was a girl, but she lived only a few weeks. I need her very much, for I am a daughter both, now that Mr. Boynton is away from home. You did not see any one in the rond as you turned in from the bars, I suppose?"

"No," answered Waitstill, surprised and confused, "but I didn't really notice. I was thinking of a cool place for my borse to stand."

"I sit out here in these warm afternoons," Mrs. Boynton continued, shading her eyes and looking across the ed heart. fields, "because I can see so far down strawberries 1 picked for him this morning. If he does not come I always take away the plate and cup before Ivory gets here. It seems to make him unhappy."

"He doesn't like it when you are disappointed. I suppose," Waitstill ven-"I have brought my knitting, Mrs. Boynton, so that I needn't keep you idle if you wish to work. May I sit down a few minutes? And here is a cottage cheese for Ivory and Rodman and a jar of plums for you preserved from my own garden."

Mrs. Boynton's eyes searched the face of this visitor from a world she had almost forgotten and, finding nothing but tenderness there, said, with just a trace of bewilderment: "Thank you. Yes, do sit down. My workbasket is just inside the door. Take that rocking chair. I don't have another one out here because I have never been in the habit of seeing visitors.

"I hope I am not intruding," stammered Waitstill, seating herself and beginning her knitting to see if it would lessen the sense of strain between them.

"Not at all. . I always loved young and beautiful people, and so did my husband. If he comes while you are here do not go away, but sit with him while I get his supper. If Elder Cochrane should be with him you would see two wonderful men. They went away together to do some missionary work in Maine and New Hampshire, and perhaps they will come back together. I do not welcome callers because they always ask so many difficult questions, but you are weeks. I wake suddenly and feel that own carelessness. Patty's face apother assault on Mount McKinley next

"I should not think of asking questions. Mrs. Boynton."

cept that it tires my head very much to think. You must not imagine I am ill; it is only that I have a very bad remember something or to give an an- brokenly. swer quickly it confuses me the more. Even now I have forgotten why you came and where you live, but I have not forgotten your beautiful name."

"Ivory thought you might be lonely. and I wanted so much to know you that I could not keep away any longer, for I am lonely and unhappy too. I nm always watching and hoping for mother, you have lost your daughter; I thought-I thought-perhaps we could be a comfort to each other." And out her hand to help Mrs. Boynton down the steps, she looked so frail, so transparent, so prematurely aged. "I could not come very often, but if I could only smooth your hair sometimes when your head aches or do some cooking for you or read to you or any little thing like that as I would for my

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Wnitstill stood a head higher than Ivory's mother, and the glowing health of her, the stendiness of her voice, the warmth of her handelasp must have made her seem like a strong refuge to this storm tossed derelict. The deep green and fined with down. "The birds | furrow between Lois Boynton's eyes relaxed a triffe, the blood in her velus ran a little more swiftly under the touch of the young hand that held hers so closely. Suddenly a light came into her face and her lip quivered.

"Perhaps I have been remembering wrong all these years," she said. "It is my great trouble, remembering wrong. Perhaps my baby did not die grew up; perhaps"-her pale cheek "perhaps she has come back!"

Waitstill could not speak. She put her arm round the trembling figure. holding her as she was wont to hold Patty and with the same protective instinct. The embrace was electric in rents of emotion in circulation. Something in Lois Boynton's perturbed mind seemed to beat its wings against the barriers that had heretofore opposed it and, freeing itself, mounted into clearer air and went singing to the sky. She rested her cheek on the girl's breast with a little sob. "Oh, let me great care to Ivory. He is son and go on remembering wrong!" she sighed from that safe shelter. "Let me go on remembering wrong! It makes me so happy!"

Waltstill gently led her to the rocking chair and sat down beside her on the lowest step, stroking her thin hand. Mrs. Boynton's eyes were closed, her breath came and went quickly, but presently she began to speak hurriedly as if she were relieving a surcharg-

"There is something troubling me," the lane. I have the supper table set she began, "and it would ease my mind for my husband already, and there is | if I could tell it to some one who could a surprise for him, a saucer of wild belp. Your hand is so warm and so



and hold my hand."

me draw in strength as long as you can spare it! It is flowing, flowing from your hand into mine, flowing like wine. My thoughts at night are not the side door. There was no answer, like my thoughts by day these last my husband has been away a long time and will never come back. Often at night, too, I am in sore trouble about something else, something I "Not that I should mind answering have never told ivory, the first thing I them," continued Ivory's mother, "ex- have ever hidden from my dear son, but I think I could tell you if only I could be sure about it."

"Tell me if it will help you. I will memory, and when people ask me to try to understand," said Waitstill

"Ivory says Rodman is the child of my dead sister. Some one must have told him so. Could it have been 1? It haunts me day and night, for unless I am remembering wrong again I never had a sister. I can call to mind neither sister nor brother."

"You went to New Hampshire one winter," Waitstill reminded her gently, what has never come yet. I have no as if she were talking to a child. "It was bitter cold for you to take such a hard journey. Your sister died and you brought her little boy, Rodman, Waitstill rose from her chair and put back, but you were so ill that a stranger had to take care of you on the stagecoach and drive you to Edgewood next day in his own sleigh. It is no wonder you have forgotten something of what happened, for Dr. Perry hardly brought you through the brain fever that followed that journey." "I seem to think now that it is not

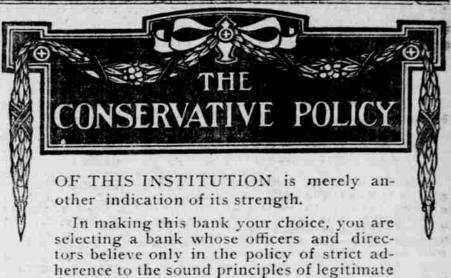
so!" said Mrs. Boynton, opening her eyes and looking at Waltstill despairingly. "I must grope and grope in the dark until I find out what is true and then tell Ivory. God will punish false speaking! His heart is closed against lies and evildoing!"

"He will never punish you if your tired mind remembers wrong," said Waitstill. "He knows, none better. how you have tried to find him and hold him through many a tangled path. I will come as often as I can, and we will try to frighten away these worrying thoughts."

"If you will only come now and then and hold my hand," said Ivory's mother, "hold my hand so that your strength will flow into my weakness, perhaps I shall puzzle it all out and God will help me to remember right before I

"Everything that I have power to give away shall be given to you." promised Waitstill. "Now that I know you and you trust me you shall never be left so alone again-not for long, at any rate. When I stay away you will remember that I cannot help it, won't

"Yes, I shall think of you till I see you again. I shall watch the long lane more than ever now. Ivory sometimes takes the path across the fields, but my dear husband will come by the old



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road, and now there will be you to | before. I am not ashamed of it, and look for!"

banking.

At the Baxters the late supper was over, and the girls had not sat at the table with their father, having eaten earlier by themselves. The hired men had gone home to sleep. Patty had retired to the solitude of her bedroom almost at dusk, or te worn out with the heat, and W.itstill sat under the

peach tree in the corner of her own little garden, tatting and thinking of her interview with Ivory's mother. She sat there until nearly 8 o'clock. trying vainly to put together the puzzling details of Lois Boynton's conversation, wondering whether the perplexitles that vexed her mind were real or fancied, but warmed to the heart by the affection that the older woman seemed instinctively to feel for her. "She did not know me, yet she cared for me at once," thought Waitstill ten-

derly and proudly, "and I for her, too,

at the first glance.

She heard her father lock the barn and shed and knew that he would be going upstairs immediately, so she quickly went through the side yard and lifted the latch of the kitchen door. It was fastened. She went to the front door, and that, too, was bolted, although it had been standing open all the evening so that if a breeze should spring up it might blow through the house. Her father supposed, of life." sold by Otto Grotjan, 1501 Secfirm! Oh, hold mine closely and let course, that she was in bed, and she ond avenue, Rock Island, and Gust dreaded to bring him downstairs for Schlegel & Son, 220 Second street, fear of his anger. Still there was no help for it, and she rapped smartly at and she rapped again, vexed with her peared promptly behind her screen of mosquito netting in the second story. Smithsonian institution. but before she could exchange a word with her sister Deacon Baxter opened the blinds of his bedroom window and

> put his head out. "You can try sleepin' outdoors or in the barn tonight," he called. "I didn't say anything to you at supper time, because I wanted to see where you was intendin' to prowl this evenin'."

"I haven't been 'prowling' anywhere. father," answered Waltstill, "I've been out in the garden cooling off. It's only 8 o'clock."

"Well, you can cool off some more." he shouted, his temper now fully aroused, "or go back where you was this afternoon and see if they'll take you in there! I know all about your deceitful tricks. I come home to grind the scythes and found the house and barn empty. Cephas said you'd driven up Saco hill and I took his horse and followed you and saw where you went. Long's you couldn't have a feller callin' on you here to home you thought you'd call on him, did yer, you boldfaced hussy?"

"I am nothing of the sort," the girl answered him quietly. "Ivory Boynton was not at his house. He was in the hayfield. You know it, and you know that I knew it. I went to see a sick, unhappy woman who has no neighbors. I ought to have gone long

I don't regret it. If you ask unreasonable things of me you must expect to be disobeyed once in awhile."

"Must expect to be disobeyed, must 1?" the old man cried, his face positively terrifying in its ugliness. "We'll see about that. If you wa'n't callin' on a young man you were callin' on a crazy woman, and I won't have it, I tell you, do you hear? I won't have a daughter o' mine consortin' with any that Boynton crew. Perhaps a night outdoors will teach you who's master in this house, you imperdent, shameless girl! We'll try it anyway!" And with that he banged down the window and disappeared, gibbering and jabbering impotent words that she could hear, but not understand.

To Be Continued Next Saturday.)

Relieved.

Morton L. Hill of Lebanon, Ind. says: "My wife had inflammatory rheumatism in every muscle and joint; her suffering was terrible and her body and face were swollen almost beyond recognition; had been in bed for six weeks and had eight physicians, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. Detchon's Relief tor Rheumatism. It gave immediate relief and she was able to walk in three days. ! am sure it saved her

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